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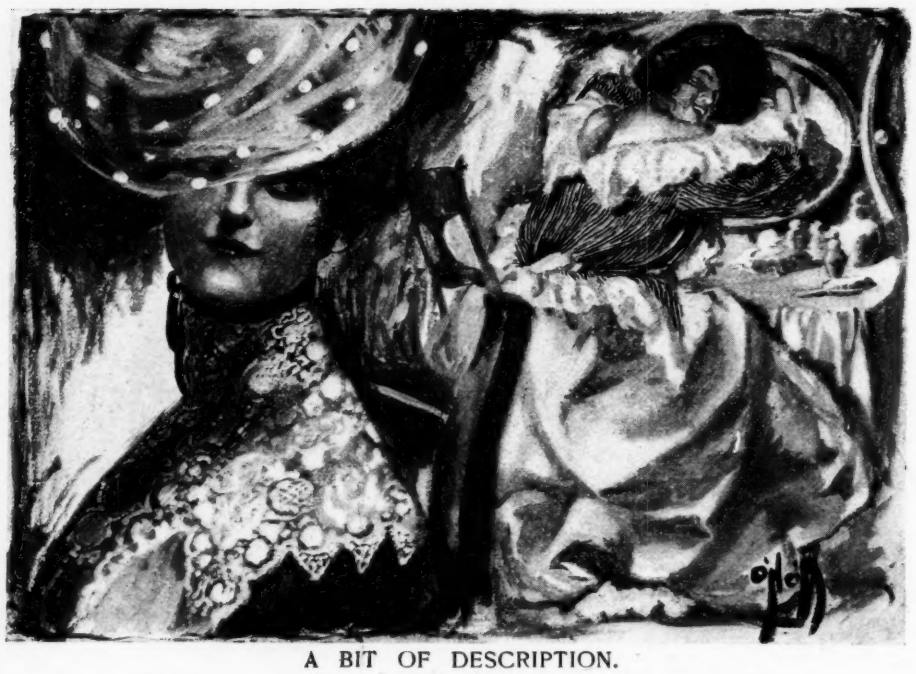
AN IMPORTANT FACTOR.

CITIMAN. — There *is* good shooting around here, is n't there?
NATIVE. — Sure! — Of course, it depends on who does it!



A BIT OF DESCRIPTION.

MRS. DASH.—It is a shame for Mrs. Crash to name her baby "Jane."

MRS. RASH.—Oh! I don't know. You have n't seen it, have you? It is one of those Jane-looking babies!

A HAPPY DISPOSITION.

L' BRE'R POSSUM in de sycamo' tree
Curls up his tail en grins at me—
Sech a happy disposition!
Sech a happy disposition!
He grins when he 's treed en taken by surprise,
He grins when de tah-to'ch blacken up his eyes,
He grins when yo' ketch him en he grins when he dies—
Sech a happy disposition!
Sech a happy disposition!

Yo' cut out a fohk en ol' possum yo' skins;
But his eyes roll up en he grins en he grins—
Sech a happy disposition!
Sech a happy disposition!
Den he grins on de dish when he 's roasted fro,
En yo' eben see him grin in de next day's stew;
En he taste so delicious dat yo' grin, too—
Sech a happy disposition!
Sech a happy disposition!

Victor A. Hermann.

SHE MADE UP FOR HIM.

MR. CITILY.—I should think you would greatly miss not having a barber out in the suburbs.

MR. ISOLATE *(of Lonelyville)*.—Oh, no! My wife talks to me while I am shaving myself.

FOREIGN POLICY.

"We've jest nach'ly got tew hev a furrin pol'cy!" insisted old man Tibbetts, warmly. "Why? I 'll tell ye why! If we hain't got no furrin pol'cy, how 's th' admin'stration goin' tew make crops fail in injy an' Rooshy, so 's prices 'll come up with us? Hey? That 's why!"

THEY BOB UP SERENELY.

HIS FRIEND.—I suppose you people don't know when you 're beaten?

THE PROHIBITIONIST.—Oh! Yes, we do, but we 're so used to it that we don't mind it.

WHEN EVERYBODY is convinced that honesty is the best politics the Millennium will not be far away.

JOHN BULL is beginning to realize that if you have a giant's strength you should n't use it like a chump.

HIS OPINION.

"Yes; that 's Chinatown!"

"Gosh! It looks purty furrin', don't it? You 'd almost think we 'd need a gunboat here!"

AN INTERROGATIVE SAY.

THE YOUNGEST MISS OWLET.—Say, Sisters, I 'm engaged to be married! What have you to say to that?

THE ELDER MISSES OWLET.—To whoo? To whoo?

THE WAY OF IT.

Lines Written by the Poet on Attaining His Sixth Birthday.

IF YOU will hear you 'll see
How all the world are brothers;
I am a-thinking of me,
Others are thinking of others.

Johnny is thinking of John,
Sammy is thinking of Sam-u-el,
Donald is thinking of Don,
Daniel is thinking of Dan-u-el.

Love 's but a little lad,
Yet it is Love discovers
Thinking more dear and glad—
Sweet are the thoughts of lovers.

Johnny is thinking of Lou,
Lou is a-thinking of Sam-u-el,
Sammy is thinking of Sue,
Susan is thinking of Dan-u-el.

Truly, Love oft doth ill,
Ill as the wisest sages,
Yet he doth sometimes well,
Then is the sweet of the ages.

Sammy is thinking of Sue,
Susan is thinking of Sam-u-el;
All things are right and true,
And nobody 's thinking of Dan-u-el.

SEVERE CRITICISM.

"I seen him in a show wunst."
"What kind of an actor is he?
"Gee! He ain't woith goin' ter see on a billboard ticket!"

WHAT HE HAD SAVED.

MR. JONES.—I have n't saved a dollar since I married you.

MRS. JONES.—What an idea! You 've saved nearly half of what you had in the bank at that time!

LITERARY.

"Better were I dead!" moaned the poet.

"Don't be silly!" the woman, his wife, exclaimed.

"But how else am I to get myself anecdotalized in the literary publications?" he demanded, turning on her, fiercely.

She shivered. How, indeed?

WOULD NOT BE TRADITIONAL.

"The fact is," said the first crocodile, "my heart is bowed down with grief!" And he laughed uproariously.

"In that case," said the second crocodile, who appeared to be considerably surprised, "I should think you would weep rather than laugh."

"Weep?" said the first crocodile. "Why, don't you know that it is n't good form for a crocodile to shed tears, except when he 's in good spirits?"

HIS COMPLAINT.

FIRST FARMER.—Blest if I think the Agricultural Department is any good at all!

SECOND FARMER.—What 's the trouble?

FIRST FARMER.—Well, I wrote to 'em to find out how high wheat was goin' to go an' I could n't get no satisfaction at all.

IT IS a good deal harder to find time to do the things that we don't want to do than it is to do the things that we do want to do.

NO HARM DONE.

LEVY.—I hear you remarked at der club last night dot I vas a thief unt a liar.

COHENSTEIN.—Vot ohf it, Levy! Dere vas nopody arount but a few ohf your personal friends!

WE DON'T know what is the underlying principle of Christian Science, unless it be that microbes are liable to get religion.

A VERITABLE BOOBY.

"Oh! He is the stupidest thing! Of course, I did n't mean it as an invitation, or anything of the kind, but — Oh! Well, I hate him! He was so awfully slow that, after the clock had struck several different hours since his arrival, I said, 'Let me see! What is the rest of that old saying about a kiss without a mustache?'

"He perked right up and answered that it was like hanging an anarchist in effigy, and then told a foolish story about an old woman who thought Effigy was a town away out in Oklahoma where they were always hanging people. Pshaw! He is so slow he can't even catch cold!"

MEETING COMPETITION.

SAM BLACK.—Uncle Ned tole me yistiddy he wuz a hundred an' two yeahs old.

PETE JOHNSON.—A hundred an' two? He tole me las' July he wuz ninety-fo'!

SAM BLACK.—Yes; but since then he heerd of an ole cullud man in Jawgia what wuz a hundred an' one.

THE CHIEF THING.

JAYSON HOEROW.—Every durn thing Lem Lackaday turns his hand tew seems tew go agin him.

HIRAM HORNIHAND.—Ya-as;—'specially work.

SOME PEOPLE can't even manage to go up like a rocket.

A RECIPE.

"And Oi 'm to luk plisant, am Oi?"

"Yes. Just imagine that the mistress begged you to stay and you would n't."

WE SHOULD feel greatly obliged to the Muse if she would tell us how to become a rich poet.

AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

LANDLADY (*frigidly*).—You seem to be examining that egg very critically, Mr. Slopay;—is there anything wrong about it?

MR. SLOPAY.—Not at all, Mrs. Hashus! I was only looking for the wish-bone;—that 's all!

LOCAL ITEMS FROM THE LONELYVILLE "WEEKLY RECORD."

LEM PETTIDEW will take a few pupils at home on the accordion.

It is proposed that a delegation of our prominent citizens see if they can not induce Andrew Carnegie to give lovely Lonelyville a public library, the lower story of which may be fitted up as a fire engine house.

Miss Honorah O'Shaughnessey was one of the steerage passengers arriving on the "Oceanic" last week.

There will be a hog-guessing contest and ice-cream social at Elder Remotely's on Friday evening; the proceeds to go toward paying for the new naphtha gas machine installed in the church.

Si Perkins, who went away with the Wallawalla Indian Medicine Troupe, last Summer, blew out the gas in a Bridgeport hotel and got nearly asphyxiated, went broke on buying a gold brick in Boston, and got stranded in New Haven, is back in his well-known blacksmith-shop. He says Lonelyville is good enough for him.

Archie McCracken's customers did not receive their New York evening papers until seven o'clock Friday evening, as Archie was kept in after school; but as this does not occur very often he has received few complaints. Archie is a bright boy and is in the second reader.

Lonelyville can now boast of a Beethoven Quartette. It is composed of Mr. "Nick" Easypayments, conductor on the "Millionaires' Train;" Mr. Buildingloan, of Buildingloan & Buildingloan, Brokers, Wall Street; Mr. Herman Pumpernickel, our popular butcher; and Dr. Chesty, our skillful physician.

Two new subscriptions last week! We do our best to give Lonelyville a thoroughly up-to-date newspaper, and aim to merit the encouragement of all its citizens. However, there are a few who do not subscribe to the *Record*, and more who have failed to pay last year's subscription.

An Automobile broke down on Main Street last Thursday. One of the two gentlemen riding in it, after looking about gloomily and being told that there was no bicycle repair shop in town, took an empty bottle from under the seat and writing a few lines on a card put it in the bottle, which he corked up and threw over the fence into Mr. Pumpkinduster's front yard. After Si Chinwhiskers had towed the automobile out of town behind his horse, the bottle was found. The card contained this message:

"Wrecked, in latitude 4-11-44, longitude 1901, automobile 'Blue Streak,' of New York City. Chauffeur, Mr. Longgreens; crew, Mr. Tenweeklybones. Boston and New York papers please copy."

Con. C. Converse.

THOUGHTLESS.

MRS. HIPPO.—Henry, I wish you 'd go outside when you want to yawn;—you know Baby must not be exposed to draughts!

EVIDENTLY AN AMATEUR.

GLADYS.—They say Harold is an expert in the art of self-defence!
ETHEL.—Nonsense! Edith made him propose in just one week!

ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

BLANCHE.—It is n't easy to find anything new in wedding presents.

MAY.—No. So many people have been married.

HIS DIPLOMATIC REPLY.

"Is a diplomat ever justified in using prevarication?" asked his friend.

"Well," said the diplomat, "he is certainly not justified in calling it by that name."

HIS STATUS.

"What kind of a chap is Sourby?"

"Oh, he is forever discovering some striking novelty in the trouble market!"

THE USUAL THING.

"He is generally regarded as a millionaire, is n't he?"

"Sure, yes! He has about fifty thousand dollars, white side-whiskers and a prominent abdomen."

THE INTERESTS of capital and labor may be identical, but there are quite a few people who think they can tell them apart.

AN ENJOYABLE OCCASION.

THE STAG.—Great sport, is n't it?
THE DOE.—I should say so! Think of being quite safe and yet near enough to hear him cuss!

THE CLASSIC ACROBAT.

PROFESSOR DRIGH.—Education is becoming entirely too universal.

PROFESSOR FLIGH.—That 's what! Nowadays, unless a college professor says or does something real crazy, nobody ever hears of him.

WHEN IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.

"Yis, sor; they 'll make soup av him for dinner."
"Will they, now? Faith, 't is lucky for him he can't rade the sign!"

THE SCRIBE'S SNARL.

"Confound it!" growled the able editor of the Pettyville *Plaindealer*. "We have the biggest kind of a notion to sue our old friend, Farmer Grayneck, for damages! He brought us a load of wood yesterday that was so crooked that it could n't lie still, and it thrashed around durin' the night till it tore our woodhouse down!"

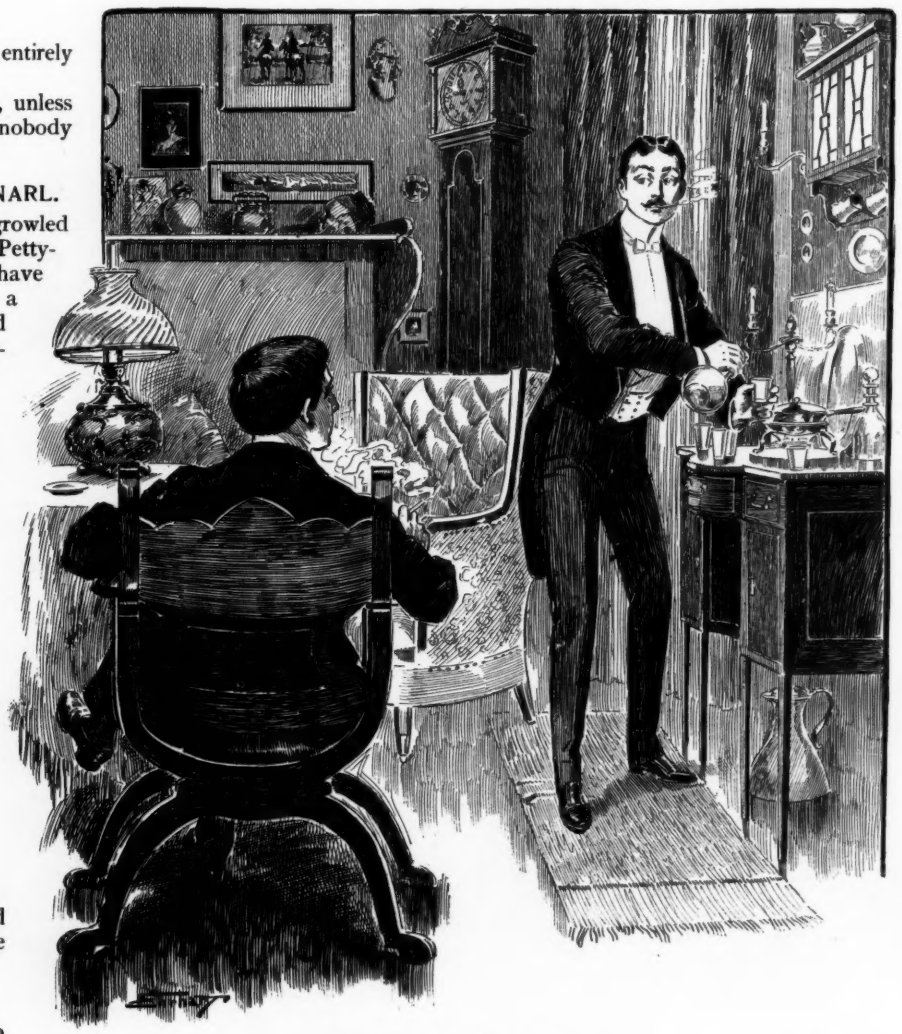
AVERTING A CATASTROPHE.

"I believe the taxation of alcoholic beverages furnishes about thirty per cent. of the national revenues."

"You don't say? Why, if we should all become sober there would be a financial panic! Let 's go and have a drink!"

"BE VIRTUOUS," said the pessimistic moralist, "and you will not be so unhappy as you would be otherwise."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE is stupid, else it would think up something bright and crushing for its practitioners to retort to the patient who says: "Bill? Oh! Just think you 're paid, and you 're paid!"



ACCOUNTED FOR.

HAROLD.—Is Tompkins a favorite with women?
RUPERT.—Lord, no! He 's all right, every way!

PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"THE PUBLIC FLOPPED."

"IT IS," observed Mr. Croker of the late election, "one of those things that I can not explain; none of us can explain. The public just flopped." We credit Mr. Croker with being entirely sincere in this confession of bewilderment. As Judge Jerome has remarked, Mr. Croker has great force of one kind, but is lacking in intellectual development. Doubtless to most of the functionaries of Tammany the sweeping triumph of an anti-Tammany ticket was an occurrence inexplicable by any known rules; a phenomenon of entirely occult origin about which it is impossible to reason and vain to speculate. The public that flopped, however, explained itself to the perfect enlightenment of everyone capable of understanding that a wish for civic cleanliness may sometimes be a factor in elections.

* * *

The public always will flop when the provocation is strong and the goad is sunk deep enough into its quarters. The trouble is that the public is pretty thick-skinned and not very squeamish in the matter of smells. It takes a foul mess and a sharp goad in a stout arm to make it move. To induce the present flop required every one of the horrifying revelations that have filled the newspapers for a year; every evidence of Tammany's complicity with vice of every degree from blackmailing to procuring; all the indecencies of "Deveryism" and all the provocations of "Crokerism." And it further required the reckless audacity of a Jerome to ply the goad, — to revile to their faces the so-called better element for their permittance of these abuses. These needs being met, the public awoke to its ideals and flopped before it went to sleep again.

* * *

How long will it stay flopped? It flopped in the same way seven years ago. Just such another moral wave flooded the city and left good men high in the places of power. Then along came a very good and academically strenuous young man—who was a great deal foolisher than he will ever be again—and he proceeded to make reform a scandal. What he did was to put down the monstrous abuses of selling beer and shoe-laces on Sunday. That was the academic young man's notion of how to please grown-up folks who wanted good government. But they would n't let him prescribe their diet, even one day in the week. As a result of his activities Tammany, its reputation for evil not in the least impaired, was reinstated at the first opportunity.

* * *

We have pretty well learned to be non-partisan in municipal elections; but is it not about time to learn that as between blue laws and corrupt government the people of this city will choose the latter every time the issue is presented? If that truth has been comprehended the administration of Mayor Low may be made the real beginning of honest government, instead of an interval in which the people again become reconciled to Tammany. The need can be put plainly: there must be no restriction upon the Sunday sale of liquor. The saloon is in politics to-day solely because present laws put the saloon-keeper at the mercy of the politician. Make the saloon-keeper independent of the politician and he will vote as sensibly as the butcher or the baker. The foundation of Tammany's power is the saloon-vote; and Tammany controls the saloon-vote solely by virtue of the law ostensibly restricting the sale of liquor on Sunday.

* * *

The amending of the law will be opposed by two classes of people. By the politicians—especially by Tammany politicians—for it would not only deprive Tammany of the saloon-vote, but it would cut off its chief source of illicit revenue. The other class is composed of persons who persist in believing that the Sunday sale of liquor can be or is in some way restricted by the present law. It does seem as if an end might be made to this nonsense. No one with normal eyesight can doubt but that all the liquor is now sold on Sunday that any one cares to buy. Except in some of the downtown districts, where there is no trade of a Sunday, there is not a saloon in the city that makes any pretense of observing the law beyond locking its front-door. If the law were squarely repealed, and the saloon-keeper permitted to sell liquor every hour of every day in the week, he would make but the one change of receiving his customers through the front instead of the side-door. There would be no increase over the present Sunday sale of liquor, and the improvement would lie in this: that he could laugh at the yardman who came around from the police-captain to collect his monthly blackmail, and that he and the numerous voters he invariably controls would feel free to judge the issues of an election without prejudice in favor of any political ring, Democratic or Republican. For ourselves, we are unable to see why a churchgoer should be more offended by the saloon's open front-door than by the hospitably yawning side-door which he now passes. And that simple change would firmly secure the large saloon-vote for good government.

* * *

The time is ripe for this decisive blow at machine politics. The reasons for it are plain. First, the saloons will do business, anyway, either under the law or over it, so that to amend the law would make no actual change in present conditions. Second, to amend the law and thus legalize Sunday opening would deprive Tammany of its control of the saloon-vote and of its chief source of revenue. With these facts so evident, those who oppose the measure will be open either to the charge of gross inconsistency, or of seeking to restore the corrupt organization that is for the moment in eclipse.

Notice.

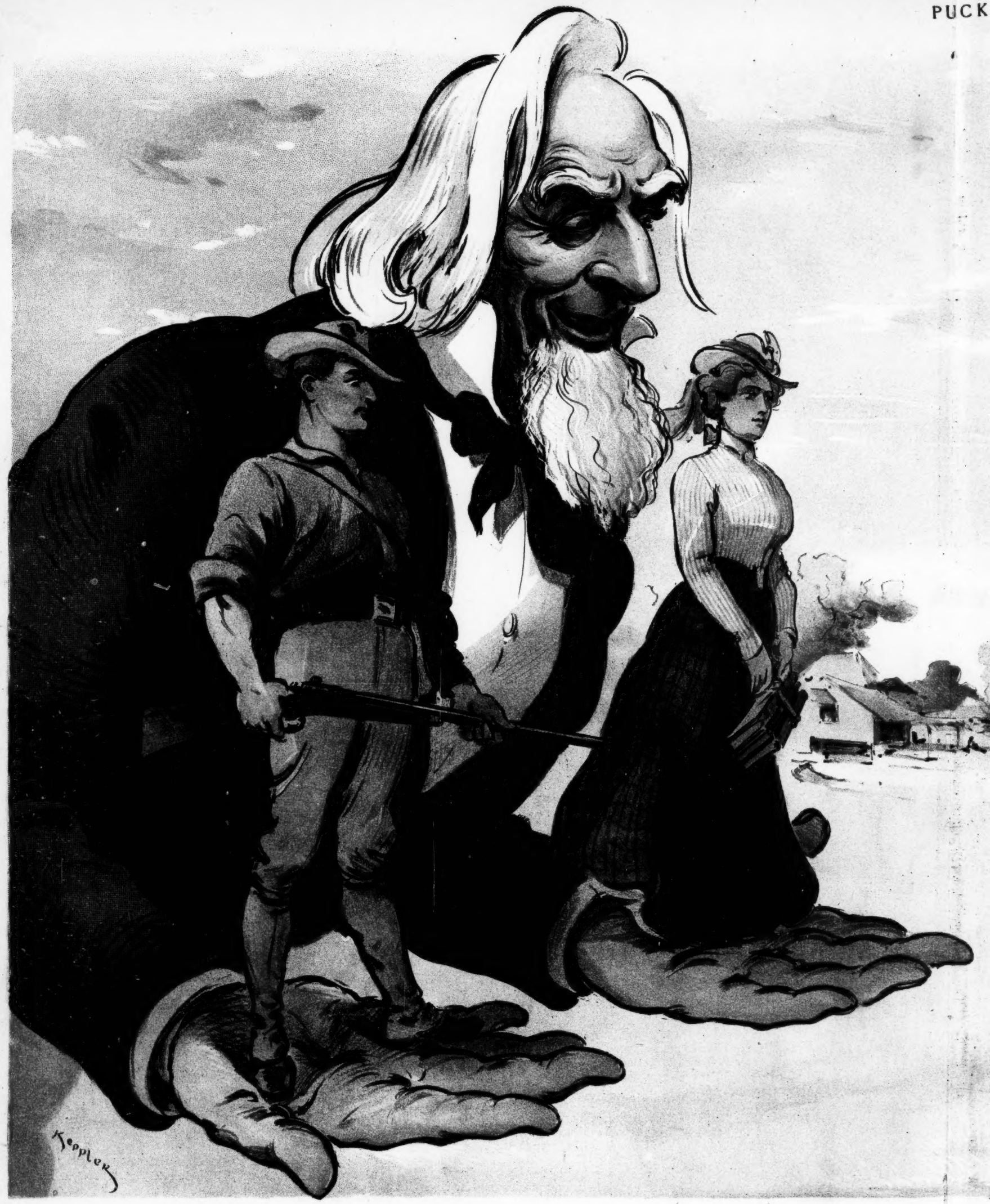
Christmas Puck will be out **December 4th.** As usual it will be **the finest holiday publication** on the news-stands—**better this** year than **last.** It will contain **48 pages**—with a richly illuminated **cover** and pictures **in color** by the large staff of artists that draw for **Puck** exclusively. The stories, jokes and verses are an **unusually choice** lot by **Puck's** favorite contributors. If you are already a subscriber, **Christmas Puck** will go to you without extra cost. If not, you may get it of your newsdealer or by sending **25 cents** in stamps to

The Publishers of Puck, New York.

HIS VIEWS.

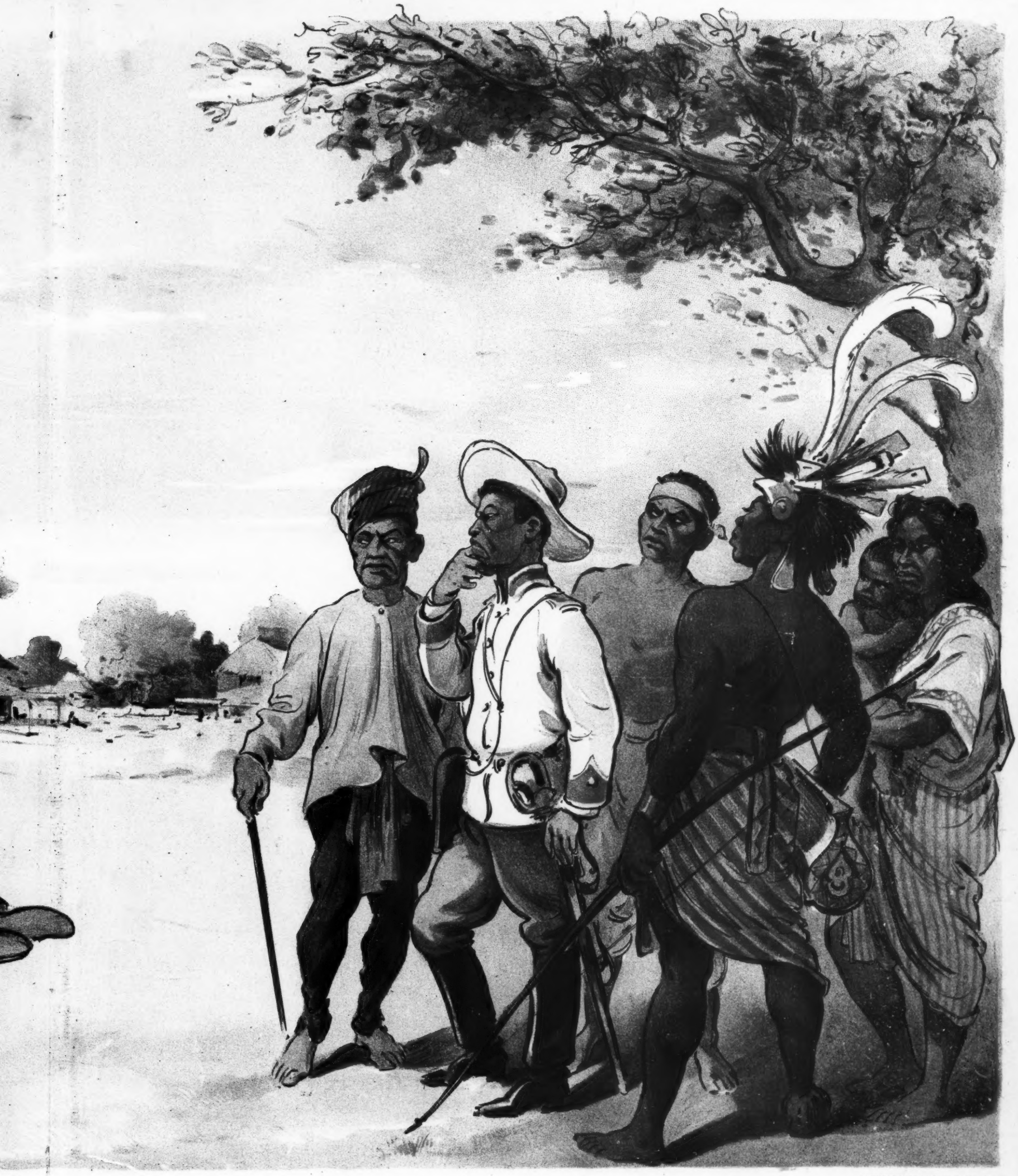
UNCLE SI.—I reckon this snowstorm suits you all right, don't it?

BOBBIE HASKINS.—Oh, yes; it makes fine sleighin'. The only thing I don't like about snow is shovelin' it."



IT 'S "UP TO'

UNCLE SAM *(to* FILIPINOS.*)*—You can take yo



J.OTTMANN LITH.CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

"UP TO" THEM.

You can take your choice; — I have plenty of both!

A QUESTION OF ETHICS.

"What could I say when the teacher asked me who was bad? You don't believe in telling fibs, do you?"
"No; —'ceptin' when it 's honorable!"

BILL JONES.

IDOW Jones's Bill, he goes
Fishin' any time you like,
An' he 's caught at least, I s'pose,
Half-a-million bass an' pike.
He can throw an "in" an' "out,"
An' can handspring standin' still;
An' his mother chores about —
My! I wisht that *I* was Bill!

He don't have to dress up slick;
An' when some old button tears
He can use a nail or stick —
An' one s'pender 's all he wears!
He knows how to smoke — an', sir,
Heaps on heaps o' times he 's said
Bigges' swears that ever were,
Yet he don't fall over dead!

'Long when Summer comes, Bill, he
'Tends a lot o' Sunday-schools,
Making them believe, you see,
He 'll be 'bedient to rules,
An' 'll fight an' fight with sin
Like a soldier — till, Gee-whizz!
By September he 's took in
Ev'ry picnic that there is!

An' las' Christmas — listen, now! —
When our Sunday-school all met
For a tree, Bill, *anyhow*,
Got more things than me, you bet!
With a dandy sled, hard wood,
That I guess I wisht *I* had.
What 's the use of bein' good
When you might as well be bad?

Edwin L. Sabin.

WHEN THE RETURNS CAME IN.

FIRST PROHIBITIONIST. — I told you Waters would be a strong candidate!

SECOND PROHIBITIONIST. — He was, was n't he? Ran twelve votes ahead of the ticket!

DISSIMULATION.

The coward, fiercely fighting,
Was overheard to say:
"Unless I dearly sell my life
I 'll give myself away!"

A VENERABLE LIAR.

TOURIST. — Uncle Corkright is a very enterprising old gentleman, is n't he?

TAVERN LANDLORD *(at Paradise, Ky.)*. — Yes, suh; and he 's always been that way. He declahs that he made his fuhst money when a boy by fuhnishing lickuh to the wuhkmen that wuh engaged in excavatin' the Mammoth Cave.

THE GREAT medical school is, after all, the school which can take the raw country lad and put such a front on him that nobody will ever think of calling him "Doc."

WHEN A MAN gets to the point where he can't afford to work for a juror's pay, it does n't take him long to develop conscientious scruples against capital punishment.

HER AUNT'S VIEW.

SHE. — Really, my husband is quite a philosopher.

HER AUNT. — Well, a man might as well bow to the inevitable — when he 's married to it!

HIS APPREHENSION.

FIRST POPULIST.— Are you afraid there may be a split in the party?

SECOND POPULIST.— No; but I 'm afraid that after a while it 'll be too small to have a split.

EXTRAORDINARY ENTERPRISE.

GRABENSTEIN.— Dot veller, Swindlebaum, ish an enterprisin' cuss!

IKENHEIMER.— So?

GRABENSTEIN.— Yase! He ish adverdisin' a greadt pargain sale to pegin at his store nexdt Monday, unless he happens to get purnt owit in der meandime; in dot event he vill open up a grand fire sale in der Cohn puilding on dot date.

USELESS TO TRY.

"But if you 'd let me show you something else — it 's no trouble to show goods!'

"May be not, young man; but you 'd have lots of trouble sellin' 'em to me when I don't want 'em!"

WOMEN DRESS to please the men who are not paying the bills.

THE INEVITABLE comes high, but John Bull feels that he must have it.

"OVATIONS," as the defeated candidate remarked, with a sigh, "do not necessarily keep a man from being snowed under."

THE ONLY difficulty in reconciling the interests of capital and labor is that each wants all it can get and can't get all it wants.

GREATNESS may some day get you into the Hall of Fame, but Smartness will pay a whole lot better dividends in the meantime.

NOVELS will become more and more realistic. That is to say, they will tend to centre more about the woman who says, "Ain't you turrible!" and less about the woman who says, "Ha!"

AN OPINION.

THE MOUSE.— There 's no doubt about it, a shower-bath is most refreshing after a night out!

The remarkable popularity of

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

CIGARETTES

is due to their possessing all those things which appeal to a smoker of high grade Turkish cigarettes. In points of quality, flavor and workmanship they actually have no rival. The large and rapidly increasing demand for these cigarettes and the secure hold they have on public favor are sure signs that the educated smoker of to-day realizes that "No better Turkish cigarette can be made." You can get them from your own dealer or from your club.

EGYPTIAN **EMBLEMS**

are the same as DEITIES but with cork tips.

Anargyros

This signature is on every box.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

BACK FROM THE SEASHORE.

His mien was rather sad than gruff.
He sighed — none could be glummer —
"It takes ten months to earn enough
To live through two of Summer." —
Washington Star.

Manhattan Theatre B'way & 33d St. New York.
MRS FISKE
and her company in
MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY
Every Evening at 8:20. Saturday Matinee at 2:15.

CHEW
BEEMAN'S
The Original
Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

TRADE HEALTH Ypsilanti UNDERWEAR MARK
YPSILANTI UNDERWEAR
THAT TRADE MARK
Appears on the genuine. Union Suits and Separate Garments, all sizes---only best materials; sold by progressive dealers. Send for handsome booklet, FREE.
HAY & TODD MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.

Pears'

soap in stick form; convenience and economy in shaving.

It is the best and cheapest shaving soap.

Sold all over the world.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

A CINCH.

CASEY.— When did ye get th' face?
DOOLEY.— Lasht noight!
CASEY.— And pwhere?
DOOLEY.— Sure, thot 's a sacrit, Casey; ut 's a cinch and too manny wud shpoil ut.

You can't do yourself justice when health is absent. Brace up and stay up with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

Always patronize the home article. Specially if it 's better. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* has no equal.

SINKERS.

For many of Eve's fairest daughters
'T were really a vain undertaking
This casting of bread on the waters,
So long as the bread 's of their baking.
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

POTATOS threaten to be so scarce this Winter that women will use them to bank the mantels at afternoon receptions.—*Atchison Globe.*

EVANS' ALE and STOUT

Can be tested at any first-class place anywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean

Brewed for past 115 years by
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

ONE DEFINITION.

"What is a Bohemian?" said the young man who wants to study human nature.

"A Bohemian," answered the cold-blooded friend, "is a person who always needs two or three extra indorsements on his note when he wants to borrow money."— *Washington Star.*

The Improved
BOSTON GARTER
The Standard for Gentlemen
ALWAYS EASY
The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.
The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sample pair, Silk 50c. Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.
GEO. FROST CO., Makers Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

KEISER BARATHEA
Note label.
A Fuzzy, Mussy, Creased Cravat
does you no credit—
get Keiser-Barathea.

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PAPER WAREHOUSE,
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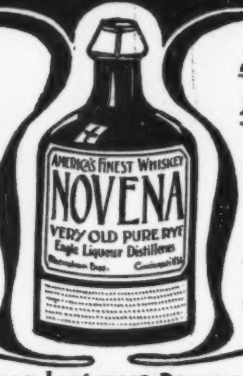

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Hope lures us daily with this jest sublime—
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—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE first invitation a girl receives from a boy, starts the longing to have a private writing desk of her own.—*Atchison Globe.*

THERE are some people who think God will reward them for giving the church a dollar to buy a cushion for them to sit on.—*Ram's Horn.*

WHEN a woman has heard the third and last call for the matrimonial dining-car she can pile up any number of excuses for taking a man off the remnant counter.—*Washington Post.*

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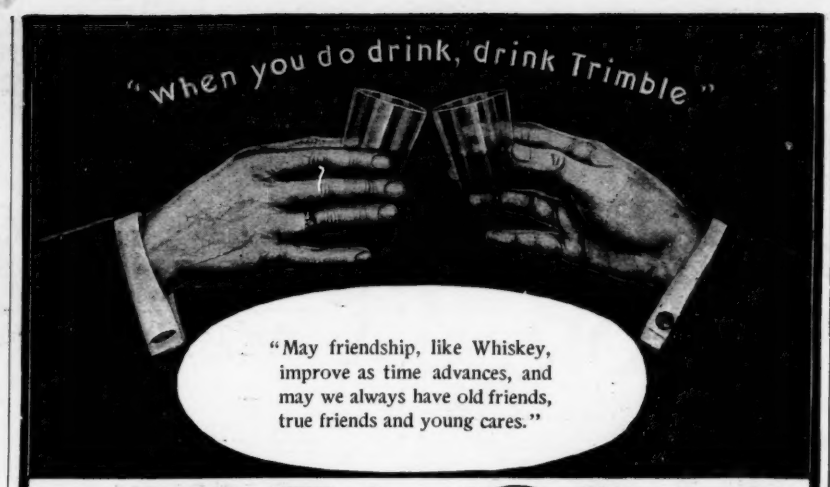

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HOW LONG will it be before the man with the flying-machine will be looking down upon the man with the automobile?—*Washington Post.*

FOLLOWING THE GUSHERS.

STRANGER (*in Kern County*).—Is this county noted for anything besides its oil wells?

NATIVE.—Lord, yes! Ever since we struck oil it's been noted for its "beautiful debutantes" and "queenly matrons."

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TESTIMONIES OF REGARD.

Daphne's birthdays are expensive—
Yes, they cost her lots of pelf;
For the presents folks don't give her
She just goes and buys herself.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

WE might get even with the Bulgarian bandits by starting Mrs. Nation up in the missionary business in that country.—*Washington Post.*

SOME time in her life every rich girl puts on a fancy apron and cap and waits on the table at a church fair, and does n't see why the life of a restaurant girl is so hard.—*Atchison Globe.*

LIFE'S STUPENDOUS PROBLEMS.

SMITH.—What makes so many people crazy to get into Society?

BROWN.—Well, what makes so many other people crazy to keep them out?—*Detroit Free Press.*

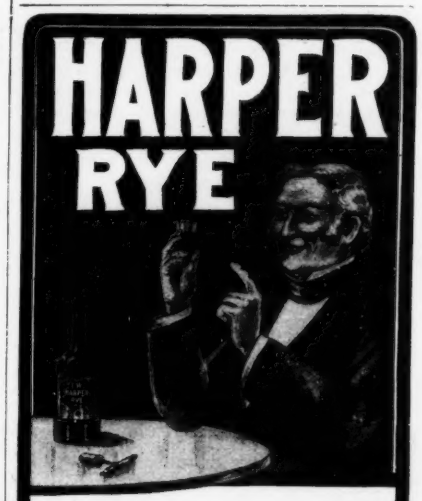
MR. BRYAN is off on another speech-making trip. A rolling editor gathers few subscribers.—*Washington Post.*

A LAW should be passed prohibiting a woman who is getting fat, from wearing a rainy-day skirt.—*Atchison Globe.*

"THIS," remarked the minister, after officiating at the double wedding, "is what we call putting two and two together."—*Cincinnati Observer.*

WE heard of a man the other day of whom it is said that he is so worthless that he could n't buy a load of ammunition for an air gun.—*Washington Democrat.*

HARPER RYE



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THANKSGIVING.

October 's gone,
November 's here;
The turkey shows
Some signs of fear,
And thinks nobody
Else but cranks
Would ever think
Of giving thanks
—*Detroit Free Press.*

INFANTILE PRIDE.

"Pooh! My papa wears evenin' clothes every time he goes to parties."

"That ain't anythin'. Our minister wears his night clothes every time he preaches."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE price of potatos holds up well, and the man with a stack of Saratoga chips is quite a factor in the game.—*Washington Post.*

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